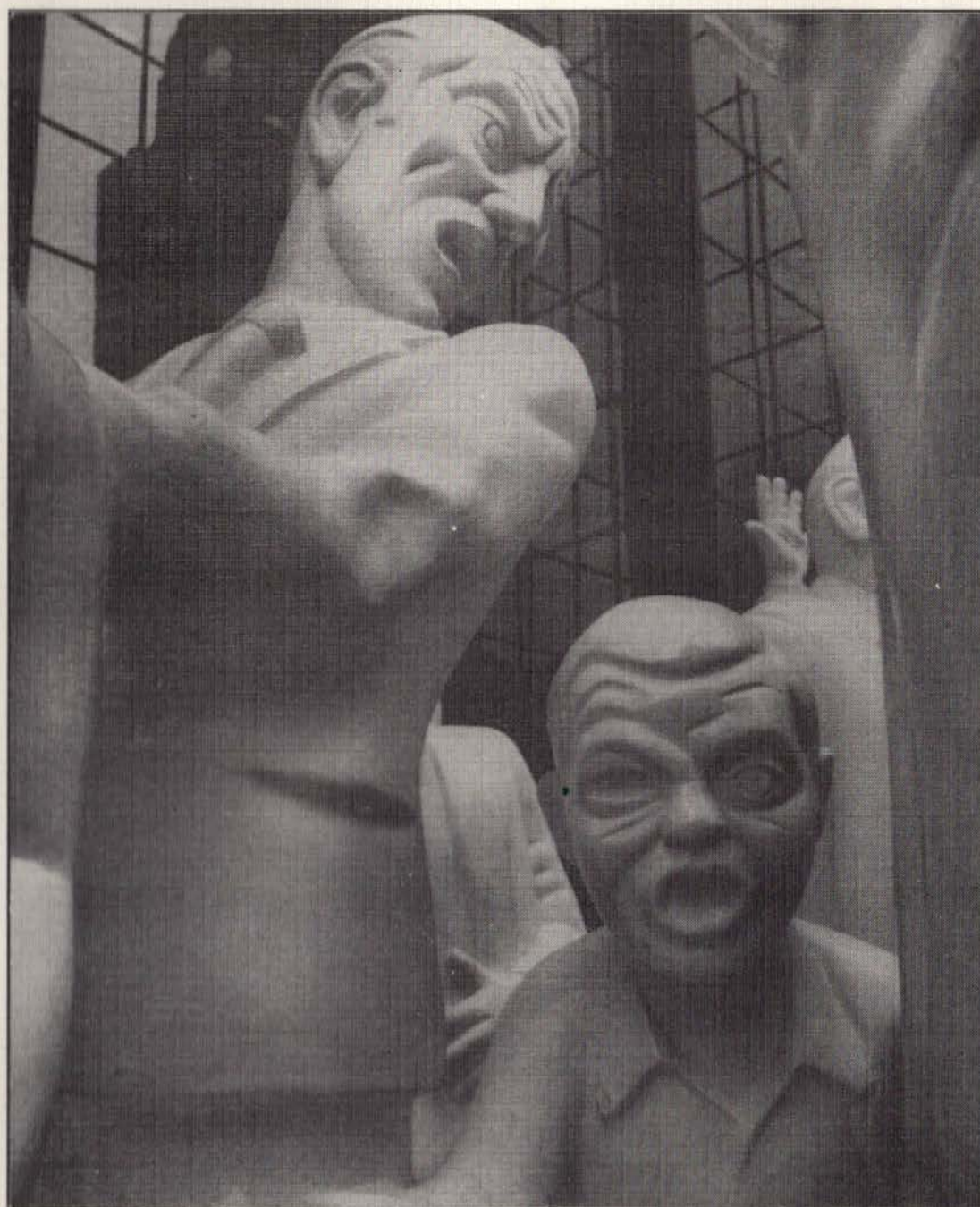


April 1994, Vol. 1, No. 2

\$3.25

I N D E X

The Montreal Literary Calendar



POETRY BY
David Solway
Joe Fiorito

FICTION BY
Robyn Sarah

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April 1994

Dear readers,

It was what you'd call a smashing success. Over 150 people attended our February 28th launch, and they came from every quarter of the writing community: poets, editors, novelists, short story writers, translators, publishers of nascent magazines like ours to publishers of distinguished Montreal presses. The support we received was, quite simply, overwhelming; in fact, a month later, we're still riding the excitement.

But the work is far from over -- indeed, it's only just begun. Our viability as a monthly calendar depends on the comprehensiveness of our listings. So please, let us know about any literary event you are organizing (bear in mind that the deadline for the May issue is April 21). Yes, those subscriptions are slowing coming in (and thanks to everyone who was generous enough to take one) but the subscriber list, and its attendant cash flow, needs to grow if we can even begin to think of ourselves as a self-sustaining operation.

The INDEX Reading Series, inaugurated March 24 with the "New Voices" evening, promises to become an exciting corollary to an already active local scene. We hope to see you at our next reading which will feature prize-winning poet Steven Heighon, on April 28th at the Strathearn. 'Til then, stay literary.

Sincerely,

The Editors.

P.S. We would really like to hear from you. Really. No joke. About anything. Did you like the work in the March issue? Did you love it? Write and tell us about it. We're thinking of putting in a letters section, but we can't do it without you.

I N D E X

*Publisher &
Managing Editor*
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Fiction Editor
Denise Roig

Poetry Editor
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Editorial Assistant*
Sara Johnston

Special Thanks to:
everyone who
helped at the launch
(you know who you
are) and all those
who made very gen-
erous contributions
to our cause.

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Montreal Literary Calendar, 266 Fairmount W.,
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ISSN 1195-9290

For LISTINGS, please call (514) 495-1847 or Fax
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For SUBMISSIONS, please mail with a SASE to:
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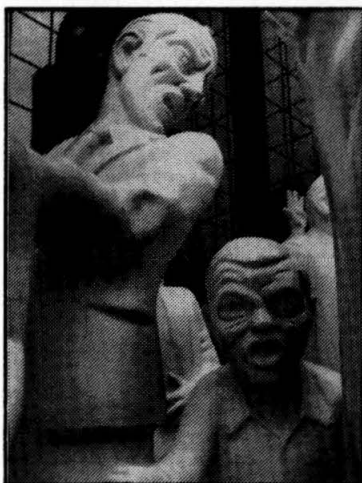
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Photographer Nicole Khoury is a stu-
dent at Dawson's Institute of
Photography. Her work will be on
exhibit in late May at Dawson's View '94
Exhibition. For more information,
please call 624-4600.

I N D E X

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Founded in 1994/Vol.1, No.2
April 1994

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Contributors' Notes

Joe Fiorito's poems have appeared in *Matrix*, and *Grain*. ***Comfort Me With Apples***, a book based on his food columns in *Hour* magazine, is scheduled to be released by Nu-Age editions sometime this spring.

David Solway's poems have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Partisan Review*, *The Antigoneish Review*, and *Matrix*. ***Bedrock***, published by Signal Editions in 1993, is his most recent book of poetry.

Jan Conn's poems have appeared in *The Malahat Review*, *Poetry Canada Review*, and *Event*. ***Paradise Is What Dante Did With Loss***, her fourth book, is due to be released by Signal Editions in 1994.

Robyn Sarah is a Montreal poet who has published five poetry collections over the last sixteen years. On staff of the English department at Champlain College, Sarah was also co-founder of Villeneuve Press, a small Montreal press which published poetry chapbooks for nearly a decade.

Listings

READINGS

Tuesday, April 5
7:30pm

The Double Hook Book Shop presents a reading by **Ann Diamond**, author of *The Terrorist Letters* and *Evil Eye*, soon to be published by Véhicule Press. The reading will take place at the Double Hook, 1235A Greene Avenue. Admission is free. For more information, please call 932-5093.

Thursday, April 7
6:00pm

Dawson College presents a reading by American poet **Sharon Olds**, author of *Satan Says*, *The Dead and The Living* and *The Gold Cell*, as part of its 1993-1994 International Poets Series. The reading will take place in Room 5B.16 at Dawson, 3040 Sherbrooke St. West. Admission is free. For more information, please call 931-8731, ext. 1359.

7:00pm

The Scrivener Reading Series presents a reading by novelist **Jane Urquhart**. The reading will take place at Thomson House, 3650 McTavish. Admission is free. For more information, please call Kim Collinge at 945-0729.

8:00pm

Literature Live at the **Yellow Door Coffee House** presents readings by **Ray Shankman**, **David Ranger** and **Eugene Abrams**. Following the featured performers, a short period of "open stage" will take place, and members of the audience will be invited to share something from their own writings. The reading takes place at the Yellow Door, 3625 Aylmer. Admission is \$2.00. For more information, please call 398-6243.

Monday, April 11
4:00pm

The Department of Rare Books and Special Collections of the McLennan Library presents a reading by Toronto poet **Stan Rogal**, who will be reading from his new book, *The Imaginary Museum*, as well as from recent unpublished work. A second reader, yet to be determined, will also read. The reading will take place in the Colgate Room of the McLennan

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Library, 3459 McTavish. Admission is free. For more information, please call 398-4711.

8:00pm

The Moveable Feast Writers Workshop presents readings by **Scott Inniss, Bill, Rich Rea, Francesca Gesualdi, Joyce Abrams, Steve Herman, Eben Illingworth, Eugene Abrams** and **Rick Waldau**. The guest MC is **Jeremiah Wall**. The reading will take place at Bistro 4, corner of St. Laurent and Duluth. Admission is free. For more information, please call Bill at 289-1770, or Scott at 844-9993.

Tuesday, April 12

8:00pm

The League of Canadian Poets presents a Spring Reading on the theme of **Erotica**. Featuring **Joe Fiorito, Amy Barratt, Michael Harris, Karen Connelly, D.G. Jones** and **Ann Carson**. The readings will take place at Thomson House, 3650 McTavish. Admission is \$3.00. For more information, please call 388-9430.

Monday, April 18

1:30pm

Culturama presents **Robert MacNeil**, journalist, commentator of the MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour and critically acclaimed author of *The Way We Were*, *The People Machine* and *Burden of Desire*, will read excerpts from his works and a novel in progress soon to be published. The reading will take place in the Cummings Auditorium of the Museum of Fine Arts at 1379 Sherbrooke St. West. Admission is \$5.00. For reservations and information, please call 937-7937.

9:00pm

The Urban Wanderers Reading Series kicks off its spring edition with **A Funny Thing Happened On The Way...** which features comedy writing by **Michel Choquette, Alastair McAlastair** and others. Proceeds go to ReCLAIM, the Reading Council for Literacy Advance in Montreal. The Reading will take place at Bistro 4, 4040 St. Laurent.

Wednesday, April 20

8:00pm

The Montreal Storytellers present an evening of open mike stories -- everyone is invited to come and read from their work. The evening takes place at the Café Kaballah, 68 Duluth East. Admission is free. For more information, please call Stanley Asher at 681-9817, or call 284-6642.

ARCMTL SCAN 2021

Saturday, April 23
9:00pm

errata magazine presents "**Caballa Cabaret,**" an evening of music and performance with readings by **Karen Connelly** and **Vincent Tinguely**. The event will take place at the Stornaway Gallery, 1069 de Bleury. Admission is \$3.00, and refreshments will be served. For more information, please call Steve at 278-3555.

Sunday, April 24
time TBA

The Jewish Public Library and the **Montreal Holocaust Memorial Centre** present **Lisa Lipkin**, professional, internationally known storyteller, bringing history to life through her dramatic reading of ***What Mother Never Told Me...*** ***Reminiscences of the Child of a Holocaust Survivor.*** The performance will take place at the Joseph and Ida Berman Auditorium at the library, 5151 Côte Ste. Catherine. Admission is \$5.00, \$3.00 for students and seniors. For more information, and an update on the time, please call 345-2627 or 345-2605.

in**ternational**

Sharon Olds is among the most widely anthologized of contemporary American poets. Her work has appeared in *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic Monthly* and over 100 other magazines and periodicals.

Poets

Free admission
and open to the public.
For more info contact
Christine Southmayd
at 931.8731 ext. 1359.

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Sharon Olds

Thursday
April 7
Reception Hall 5B.16
6:00 pm



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Monday, April 25

9:00pm

The Urban Wanderers Reading Series presents **Due East**; travel writing by **John Goddard**, **Linda Leith** and **Charles Foran**. Proceeds go to ReCLAIM. The reading takes place at Bistro 4, 4040 St. Laurent.

Thursday, April 28

8:00pm

INDEX presents a reading by Ontario poet **Steven Heighon**. Heighon, whose works include *Stalin's Carnival*, *Foreign Ghosts* and *Flight Paths of the Emperor*, is also the Editor of *Quarry Magazine*. This will be his first reading in Montreal. The event will take place in the Café at the Strathearn Centre, 3680 Jeanne Mance, just before Pine. Admission is free. For more information, please call 495-1847.

8:00pm

The Reading/Writing Series presents an evening of readings with **Catherine Beeman**, author of *Direct and Devious Ways* (Muse's Company), **Anne Cimon**, author of *No Country for Women* (Mosaic Press), and **Phil Moscovitch**, freelance writer and book reviewer. The readings take place at Galerie S.Space Ensemble, 1622A Sherbrooke St. West. Admission is \$5.00 for those with jobs, \$3.00 for those without. For more information, please call Clifford Duffy at 499-0130.

Sunday, April 30

time TBA

The Kootenay School of Writing Montreal presents a reading by poet **Lisa Robertson**, author of *Xeclogue*. The venue is TBA. Admission is free. For an update of time and place, and for any other information, please call Dennis Denisoff at 529-9144.

LECTURES

Wednesday, April 6

11:00am

Vanier College and the **Esther and Peter Kleinmann Annual Cegep Holocaust Symposium** present **Ronald Headland**, author of *Messages of Murder*, speaking on "*The Holocaust: Personal Reflections*." The lecture will take place in

Room N516 at Vanier, 821 Ste. Croix Avenue in Saint Laurent. Admission is free. For more information, please call 845-9171 or 744-7152.

2:00pm

Ronald Headland speaks again in Room N562.

Thursday, April 7
11:30am

Marianopolis College and the **Esther and Peter Kleinmann Annual Cegep Holocaust Symposium** present a testimony by **Ann Kazimirski**, Holocaust Survivor, teacher and author of *Witness to Horror*. The lecture will take place in Room 119 at Marianopolis, 3880 Côte des Neiges. Admission is free. For more info, please 845-9171 or 744-7152.

Monday, April 11
1:00pm

Vanier College and the **Esther and Peter Kleinmann Annual Cegep Holocaust Symposium** present "*Testimonies from the Past*" with speakers **Peter Kleinmann**, Holocaust Survivor, **Ann Kazimirski**, Holocaust Survivor and author of *Witness to Horror*, and **Richard Cassily**, U.S. Army, Buchenwald 1945. The lecture will take place in Room N431 at Vanier, 821 Ste. Croix Avenue in Saint Laurent. For more information, please call 845-9171 or 744-7152.

Tuesday, April 12
1:00pm

Dawson College and the **Esther and Peter Kleinmann Annual Cegep Holocaust Symposium** present a literary programme with **Ann Kazimirski**, Holocaust Survivor, teacher and author of *Witness to Horror*. The lecture will take place at Dawson, room TBA, 3040 Sherbrooke St. West. Admission is free. For more information, please call 845-9171 or 744-7152.

Monday, April 18
1:00pm

John Abbot College and the **Esther and Peter Kleinmann Annual Cegep Holocaust Symposium** present a literary programme with **Nadja Zajdman**, author of *Stories of the Second Generation*. The lecture will take place in Room P-168 at John Abbot, 21275 Lakeshore Road, Ste. Anne de Bellevue. Admission is free. For more information, please call 845-9171 or 744-7152.

LAUNCHES

Tuesday, April 12
8:30pm

A joint launch for **Perhaps?**, a new literary independent, and **For Example**, a chapbook of short stories from P. Scott Lawrence's Advanced Prose class at Concordia, will be taking place at Bistro 4, 4040 St. Laurent. The readers for the event include **Catherine Kidd**, **Sylvie Bourassa** and **Richard Weintrager**, as well as short fiction from *For Example*. Admission is \$1.00. For more information, please call Corey Frost at 845-9063.

Thursday, April 21
8:00pm

The Jewish Public Library, the **Galkin Family Endowment Fund** and the **Canada Council** present the Canadian Launch of *A Point on a Sheet of Green Paper: An Anthology of Canadian Poetry* in English and Hebrew, edited by **Aviva Ravel** and **Shimon Levy**. Participating will be poets **Roo Borson**, **Raymond Filip**, **Irving Layton**, **Seymour Mayne** and **Ray Shankman**, and there will be a reading in Hebrew by **Carmella Aigen**. The event will be moderated by Aviva Ravel and Ray Shankman. The launch will take place in the Joseph and Ida Berman Auditorium at the library, 5151 Côte Ste. Catherine. Admission is free. For more information, please call 345-2627.

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Wednesday, April 27

7:30pm

The Jewish Public Library presents a **Commemorative Evening and Launch** of *Czenstochov, Our Legacy*, edited by **Harry Klein**. The keynote speaker is **Rabbi Reuben Poupko**, who will be speaking on "*Remembrance and Revival*," and the evening will be moderated by **Hannah Eliashiv**. The launch will take place in the Joseph and Ida Berman Auditorium at the library, 5151 Côte Ste. Catherine. Admission is free. For more information, please call 345-2627.

Thursday, April 28

7:30pm

The New Life Poets Anthology will be launched at the **Anti-Poverty Group**, 6525 Somerled, Suite 7, corner Cavendish. The anthology, which will be on sale at the launch, includes contributions by **Phillip Amsel, Terry Leckner, Robert Smith, James Young** and **Mark Dean**. Admission is free, and refreshments will be served. For more information, please call Phillip at 489-3548.

RADIO & TELEVISION

Monday, March 21 to Friday, April 8

10:15pm

The CBC Radio programme "**Between the Covers**" presents **Anne Cameron's** novel *A Whole Brass Band* in 15 episodes. Another lively novel from the notable West Coast writer. Jean is a single mother who is doing all she can to keep her family afloat in hard times. She manages by hanging on to her sense of humour... and getting the whole gang out of Vancouver. Produced in Vancouver by John Juliani. The programme will air nightly from Monday to Friday, on **CBC Radio 940 AM**.

Saturday, April 2

9:30am

Stanley Asher reviews Books on Pop Culture Themes on **CINQ-FM at 102.3 FM**. This week he reviews *The Glitter Girls* by Rosemary Sexton; *The Morning After: Sex, Fear and Feminism on Campus* by Katie Roiphe and *Video Movie Guide '94* by Martin and Porter.

- 11:00am **WSLO Malone**, North Country Public Radio, presents
"Selected Shorts," an hour of classic and contemporary stories. The programme airs on **90.9 FM**.
- 2:00pm **WCFE** television presents **C.S. Lewis'** fantastical childrens' series, ***The Narnia Chronicles***. Part one of three of ***The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe*** airs today on **Channel 57** (Ch. 27 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).
- Sunday, April 3
 7:08pm CBC Radio AM presents **"The Best of Writers and Company"**, the CBC Stereo programme hosted by **Eleanor Wachtel**. This rebroadcast features American essayist and novelist **Susan Sontag**. CBC Radio 940 AM.
- Monday, April 4
 1:00pm **WCFE** television presents a new programme: **Literary Visions**, a telecourse in 26 half-hour installments. The show brings literature to life with dramatizations of individual works and readings of literary passages. This introduction to literature incorporates both contemporary and traditional works in its selection of literary texts. It also places a strong emphasis on writing about literature as a way for students to learn and use advanced compositional techniques. Contemporary authors James Dickey, August Wilson, Maxine Hong Kingston and Tillie



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Olson, among others, discuss their inspiration and the craft of creative writing. The first two shows, "**First Sight: An Introduction to Literature**" and "**Ways of Seeing: Responding to Literature**" will air today on **Channel 57** (Ch. 27 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

Tuesday, April 5
2:00pm

Literature Montreal's Richard Weintrager speaks with **Robert Edison Sandiford**, a short story writer whose work has been published in literary journals across the country. **CKUT 90.3 FM.**

Thursday, April 7
1:00pm

WSLO Malone, North Country Public Radio, presents "**New Letters on the Air**" featuring poets and writers reading from their own work. The programme airs on **90.9 FM.**

6:30pm

Stanley Asher reviews Books on Jewish Themes. This week he reviews *The Bravest Battle: The 28 Days of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising* by Dan Kurzman; *In Search of Anti-Semitism* by William F. Buckley Jr. and *Peachy* a novel by Fredrica Wagmen. **CKUT 90.3 FM.**

Saturday, April 9
9:30am

Stanley Asher reviews Books on Pop Culture Themes on **CINQ-FM at 102.3 FM.** This week he reviews *Churchill: The End of Glory, a Political Biography* by John Charmley and *Bloodlines: A Journey into Eastern Europe* by Myrna Kostash.

11:00am

WSLO Malone presents "**Selected Shorts**" on **90.9 FM.**

2:00pm

WCFE presents part 2 of *The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe* on **Channel 57** (Ch.27 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

Sunday, April 10
7:08pm

CBC Radio presents "**The Best of Writers and Company**" the CBC Stereo programme hosted by **Eleanor Wachtel**. This rebroadcast features Nobel Prize-winning poet **Joseph Brodsky**, and a panel on the state of the English language with **Tom MacArthur** and **Jay Ingram.** **CBC Radio 940 AM.**

9:00pm **Masterpiece Theatre** presents *Middlemarch*, **George Eliot's** saga of youthful idealism, disillusionment and blackmail. Part 1 of 6 airs tonight on **Vermont ETV, Channel 33** (Ch.14 on CF Cable, Ch. 27 on Videotron).

Monday, April 11 to Friday, April 15

10:15pm The CBC Radio programme "**Between the Covers**" presents **David Bergen's** novel *Sitting Opposite my Brother*. In his first collection, the prize-winning Winnipeg writer creates dazzling short stories from the confused lives of young urban men. Produced by Kim McCaw in Winnipeg, the programme will air nightly on **CBC Radio 940 AM**.

Monday, April 11

1:00pm **WCFE** presents the second installment of Literary Visions: "**A Personal View: The Art of Essay**" and "**Reflected Words: The Elements of Short Fiction**." The programme will air on Channel 57 (Ch.27 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

9:00pm

Masterpiece Theatre presents *Middlemarch*, **George Eliot's** saga of youthful idealism, disillusionment and blackmail. Part 1 of 6 airs tonight on **WCFE, Channel 57** (Ch.27 on CF Cable, Ch.14 on Videotron).

Tuesday, April 12

2:00pm **Literature Montreal's** Richard Weintrager speaks with **Su Croll**, whose book of poetry, *Worlda Mirth*, recently won the Kalamanka Poetry Prize. **CKUT 90.3 FM**.

Thursday, April 14

1:00pm **WSLO Malone** presents "**New Letters on the Air**" on **90.9 FM**.

6:30pm

Stanley Asher reviews Books on Jewish Themes. This week he reviews *The Racial State: Germany 1933-1945* by Michael Burleigh and Wolfgang Wipperman; *Returning to Tradition: The Contemporary Revival of Orthodox Judaism* by M. Herbert Danziger and *Vessels of Evil: American Slavery and the Holocaust*. **CKUT 90.3 FM**.

Saturday, April 16

9:30am

Stanley Asher reviews Books on Pop Culture Themes on **CINQ-FM at 102.3 FM**. This week he reviews *The Thing Happens: Ten Years of Writing About the Movies* by Terrence Rafferty; *A Child is Not a Toy: Voices of Children in Poverty* by Sheila Baxter and *Warsaw: The Cabaret Years* by Don Nowicki.

11:00am

WSLO Malone presents "**Selected Shorts**" on **90.9 FM**.

2:00pm

WCFE presents part 3 of *The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe* on **Channel 57** (Ch.27 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

Sunday, April 17

7:08pm

CBC Radio presents "**The Best of Writers and Company,**" the CBC Stereo programme hosted by **Eleanor Wachtel**. This rebroadcast is the first in the Masters of the Short Story Series, with author **Jamaica Kincaid**. **CBC Radio 940 AM**.

Monday, April 18 to Friday, April 29

10:15pm

The CBC Radio programme "**Between the Covers**" presents **J.M. Coetzee's** novel *Age of Iron*. This searing and intimate novel by one of South Africa's foremost novelists is a love letter from mother to daughter. An ailing white woman is swept into the spiralling violence of the black townships. The BBC production stars **Yvonne Bryceland**, the acclaimed South African

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actress and anti-apartheid campaigner. **CBC Radio 940 AM.**

Monday, April 18

1:00pm

WCFE presents the third installment of Literary Visions: "**The Story's Blueprint: Plot and Structure in Short Fiction**" and "**Telling their Tales: Character in Short Fiction**". The programme will air on **Channel 57** (Ch.27 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

9:00pm

Masterpiece Theatre presents part 2 of *Middlemarch*, on **WCFE Channel 57** (Ch.27 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

Tuesday, April 19

2:00pm

Literature Montreal's Richard Weintrager speaks with **Paul Glennon**, an as yet unpublished prose writer. **CKUT 90.3 FM.**

Thursday, April 21

1:00pm

WSLO Malone presents "**New Letters on the Air**" on **90.9 FM.**

6:30pm

Stanley Asher reviews Books on Jewish Themes. This week he reviews *Stranger Music: Selected Poems and Songs* by Leonard Cohen; *Zion and State: Nation, Class and the Shaping of Modern Israel* by Mitchell Cohen and *The Imposter* by Naftali Dov Fuss. **CKUT 90.3 FM.**

Saturday, April 23

9:30am

Stanley Asher reviews Books on Pop Culture on **CINQ-FM 102.3 FM.** This week he reviews *The Best of Rolling Stone: 25 Years of Journalism on the Edge* edited by Robert Love; *The Best of Frank: 40 Years of Exposing the Guilty, Provoking the Greedy and Mocking the Powerful* edited by Michael Bate.

11:00am

WSLO Malone presents "**Selected Shorts**" on **90.9 FM.**

2:00pm

WCFE presents part 1 of *Prince Caspian*, the second in *The Narnia Chronicles*, on **Channel 57** (Ch.27 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

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Sunday, April 24

7:08pm

CBC Radio presents "**The Best of Writers and Company**", the CBC Stereo programme hosted by **Eleanor Wachtel**. This rebroadcast is the second in the Masters of the Short Story Series, with author **J.G. Ballard**. **CBC Radio 940 AM**.

9:00pm

Masterpiece Theatre presents part 2 of *Middlemarch*, on Vermont ETV **Channel 33** (Ch. 14 on CF Cable, Ch. 27 on Videotron).

Monday, April 25

1:00pm

WCFE presents the fourth installment of Literary Visions: "**In that Time and Place: Setting and Character in Short Fiction**" and "**The Author's Voice: Tone and Style in Short Fiction.**" The programme will air on **Channel 57** (Ch. 27 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

9:00pm

Masterpiece Theatre presents part 3 of *Middlemarch*, on **WCFE Channel 57** (Ch. 27 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

Tuesday, April 26

2:00pm

Literature Montreal's Richard Weintrager speaks with **Darius V. Snelckus**, whose poetry chapbook, *Breugel Desk*, is scheduled to be released. **CKUT 90.3 FM**.

Thursday, April 28

1:00pm

WSLO Malone presents "**New Letters on the Air**" on **90.9 FM**.

6:30pm

Stanley Asher reviews Books on Jewish Themes. This week he reviews *Atlas of the Holocaust* (revised and updated edition) by Martin Gilbert; *Stella: One Woman's Tale of Hitler's Germany* by Peter Wyden and *A Community in Spite of Itself: Soviet Jewish Emigrés in New York* by Fran Markowitz. **CKUT 90.3 FM**.

10:00pm

American Playhouse presents *Armistead Maupin's Tales of the City*, Maupin's celebrated stories about the lives and loves of a group of people in 1970's San Francisco. Part 1 of 6 airs tonight (parts 2 to 6 will air on the following Thursday nights at 10:00pm) on **Vermont ETV Channel 33** (Ch.14 on CF Cable, Ch. 27 on Videotron).

Saturday, April 30

9:30am

Stanley Asher reviews Books on Pop Culture on **CINQ-FM** at **102.3 FM**. This week he reviews *Dismantling a Nation: Canada and the New World Order* by Stephen McBride and John Shields; *The Majic Bus: An American Odyssey* by Douglas Brinkley and *Guy's Guide to the Flipside (of Vancouver)* by Guy Bennett.

11:00am

WSLO Malone presents "**Selected Shorts**" on **90.9 FM**.

2:00pm

WCFE presents part 2 of *Prince Caspian* (part 3 will air at the same time on May 7) on **Channel 57** (Ch.27 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

MISCELLANEOUS

Friday, April 1

9:30pm

Words, a one woman adaptation of Anne Sexton's poetry written, directed and performed by **Leah Vineberg** will be starting at the **O.K. Theatre**, 3901 St. Laurent (above the Phoenix Café). The performance will be showing again on Saturday, April 2 and then nightly from Monday, April 5 to Saturday, April 9 at 9:30 pm. Admission is \$5.00 for those with jobs, and \$3.00 for those without. For reservations, please call 844-5769 and for more information, please call 989-8727.

Saturday, April 23

10:00am

The Fraser-Hickson Library is having a **Book Sale**. All types of books will be sold. The library is at 4855 Kensington. For more information, please call 489-5301.

FOR CHILDREN

Activities at the Westmount Library

4574 Sherbrooke St. W.

(corner Arlington and Sherbrooke, across from the Westmount YMCA)

Tel: 989-5229

*all activities are free of charge, and membership to the Westmount Library is not necessary.

Storyhours

Each **Wednesday preschoolers** are invited to drop in for stories, film strips and fun. The twenty minute sessions take place in **English** for **2-3 year olds** at 10:30am and 3:00pm, and for **4-6 year olds** at 10:50am and 3:20pm. Sessions in **French** for **3-6 year olds** are held at 11:10am and 3:40pm. All sessions are free of charge. No registration is required, and everyone is welcome.

4:00 Club

Children from **6-9 years** of age are welcome to join the club on **Tuesday** afternoons from 4:00-5:00pm for a programme of story-based arts and crafts. Each week, participants draw ideas and inspiration from children's literature to create their own art projects. The sessions are free of charge. Attendance is limited to 12 children per session, so please call ahead on the morning of the session you wish to attend and a spot will be reserved for you. The phone # is 989-5229.

Storymakers Club

Aspiring authors from **9-12 years** of age are invited to join the club on **Thursday** from 4:00-5:00pm. The children create their own stories, plays, poems and illustrations while building on themes and ideas from some of the best new children's books. Sessions, which are held in English, require no registration and are free of charge.

Activities at the Reginald J.P. Dawson Library

1967 Graham Blvd, Town of Mount Royal

Tel: 734-2973

*children must be registered members of the library to participate in all activities.

Thursday, April 7

1:30pm

A special visit from author **Mary Alice Downie**. Ms. Downie's works include *Honor Bound*, *How the Devil Got his Cat*, *Jenny Greenteeth*, *The King's Loon* and many others. The presentation will be in English for children ages 8 and up.

Tuesday, April 19

4:00pm

To celebrate **Earth Day** (April 22) the library is planning a week of activities. Today is **Recycled Fun Day** for **English** children aged 5-6. A story time will be followed by craft-making, using recycled materials.

Thursday, April 21

4:00pm

Recycled Fun Day in **French** for children aged 5-6.

Friday, April 22

3:45pm

The Earth Day Shadow Puppet Show of *Shamu the Whale saves the day*, an adaptation of the book by **Olena Kassian** in **French**. For all ages.

4:15pm

The Earth Day Shadow Puppet Show in **English**.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The two juries for the Irving Layton Awards in Poetry and Fiction have completed their deliberations and have agreed on the following short-lists for finalists: Sylvie Bourassa, Ardessa-Nica Jeffeau, Ibolya Kaflik and Carmine Starnino for poetry; Alexis Diamond, Sandra Grossman, Andrea Holtslander, Catherine Kidd and Denise Roig for fiction. The winners will be chosen from the short-lists and the awards will be presented at a ceremony on Thursday, March 31, at 1:00pm, in the Sir George Williams

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faculty lounge, 1455 de Maisonneuve. The rest of the staff at INDEX would like to wish Carmine and Denise the best of luck.

The winner of the W.H. Smith/Books in Canada First Novel Award is Deborah Joy Corey for *Losing Eddie*. The finalists were: Catherine Bush for *Minus Time*; Don Dickenson for *The Crew*; Douglas How for *Blow Up the Trumpet in the New Moon* and Carol Malyon for *If I Knew I'd Tell You*.

Postmodern Fictions DemonState. Writers are invited to share and discuss their short stories or novels, 2 to 3 times a month. Please call Thoth or Angela at 767-2632.

The first issue of Perhaps? is now out. It's a fifty page bi-annual independent of poetry and prose. Montreal contributors include Catherine Kidd, Richard Weintrager, Sylvie Bourassa and Caroline Briere. Perhaps? is available at Argo Book Shop, The Double Hook, danger!, Paragraphe, Le Stand and The Word. For information write to P.O. Box 42050, Montreal, Quebec, H2W 2T3 or call (514) 982-3792.

Hence, a collection of new poetry, will appear in its second annual incarnation this month. This year *Hence* features a group of acclaimed young writers who have chosen each other to share the pages of a book. Included are poems by 1992 and 1993 Irving Layton Award winners Carmine Starnino and Catherine Kidd, and 1994 nominee Sylvie Bourassa, as well as new work by Christopher Banks, Corey Frost, Shaun Leggett, Jill Maggs, Michelle Power, Sina Queyras and Patrick Salah. The date and place of the launch party will be announced at an upcoming literary event.

Book Discussion Group: come join us for serious and lighthearted tri-weekly discussions of the great classic and contemporary works. Our next meeting will be Tuesday, April 19. For the title of the next book we will be discussing, or for any other information, please call Marco at 735-0744 or Chris at 525-6782.

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY
3 7:08pm <i>The Best of Writers & Co.</i> features Susan Sontag, p.12	4 1:00pm <i>Literary Visions</i> on WCFE, p.12	5 2:00pm <i>Literature Montreal</i> features Robert Edison Sandiford, p.13 7:30pm Ann Diamond at The Double Hook, p.5	6 11:00am Ronald Ho College, p.1 2:00pm Ronald Ho College, p.1
10 7:08pm <i>The Best of Writers & Co.</i> features Joseph Brodsky, Tom MacArthur and Jay Ingram, p.13 9:00pm <i>Middlemarch</i> on Vermont ETV, p.14	11 1:00pm <i>Literary Visions</i> on WCFE, p.14 1:00pm Peter Kleinmann, Ann Kazimirski and Richard Cassily speaking at Vanier College, p.9 4:00pm Stan Rogal at The McLennan Library, p.5 8:00pm Moveable Feast Writers Workshop at Bistro 4, p.6 9:00pm <i>Middlemarch</i> on WCFE, p.14 10:15pm <i>Siting Opposite My Brother</i> starts on <i>Between the Covers</i> , p.14	12 1:00pm Ann Kazimirski speaking at Dawson, p.9 2:00pm <i>Literature Montreal</i> features Su Croll , p.14 8:00pm The League of Canadian Poets reading at Thomson House, p.6 8:30pm <i>Perhaps? & For Example</i> launching at Bistro 4, p.10	13
17 7:08pm <i>The Best of Writers & Co.</i> features Jamaica Kincaid, p.15	18 1:00pm <i>Literary Visions</i> on WCFE, p.16 1:00pm Nadja Kajdman speaking at John Abbot, p.9 1:30pm Robert MacNeil at Museum of Fine Arts, p.6 9:00pm Urban Wanderers at Bistro 4, p.6 9:00pm <i>Middlemarch</i> on WCFE, p.16 10:15pm <i>Age of Iron</i> starts on <i>Between the Covers</i> , p.15	19 2:00pm <i>Literature Montreal</i> features Paul Glennon , p.16	20 8:00pm The Mont Kaballah, p.1
24 TimeTBA Lisa Lipkin at JPL, p.7 7:08pm <i>The Best of Writers & Co.</i> features J.G. Ballard, p.17 9:00pm <i>Middlemarch</i> on Vermont ETV, p.17	25 1:00pm <i>Literary Visions</i> on WCFE, p.17 9:00pm Urban Wanderers at Bistro 4, p.8 9:00pm <i>Middlemarch</i> on WCFE, p.17	26 2:00pm <i>Literature Montreal</i> features Darius V. Snelkus , p.17	27 7:30pm Czenstoch JPL, p.11

WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
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...land speaking at Vanier ...land again at Vanier	7 11:30am Ann Kazimirski speaking at Marianopolis, p.9 1:00pm New Letters on the Air on WSLO Malone, 90.9 FM, p.13 6:00pm Sharon Olds at Dawson, p.5 6:30pm Stanley Asher on CKUT 90.3 FM, p.12 7:00pm Jane Urquhart at Thomson House, p.5 8:00pm Ray Shankman, David Ranger & Eugene Abrams at The Yellow Door, p.5	8	9 9:30am Stanley Asher on CINQ-FM, 102.3 FM, p.13 11:00am Selected Shorts on WSLO Malone, 90.9 FM, p.13 2:00pm The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe on WCFE, p.13
	14 1:00pm New Letters on the Air on WSLO Malone, 90.9 FM, p.14 6:30pm Stanley Asher on CKUT, p.14	15	16 9:30am Stanley Asher on CINQ-FM, 102.3 FM, p.15 11:00am Selected Shorts on WSLO Malone, 90.9 FM, p.15 2:00pm The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe on WCFE, p.15
...al Storytellers at Café	21 1:00pm New Letters on the Air on WSLO Malone, 90.9 FM, p.16 6:30pm Stanley Asher on CKUT, p.16 8:00pm A Point on a Sheet of Green Paper launching at JPL, p.10	22	23 9:30am Stanley Asher on CINQ-FM, 102.3 FM, p.16 10:00am Book Sale at Fraser-Hickson Library, p.18 11:00am Selected Shorts on WSLO Malone, 90.9 FM, p.16 2:00pm Prince Caspian on WCFE, p.16 9:00pm Caballa Cabaret at Stornaway Gallery, p.7
...Our Legacy launches at	28 1:00pm New Letters on the Air on WSLO Malone, 90.9 FM, p.17 6:30pm Stanley Asher on CKUT, p.17 7:30pm The New Life Poets Anthology launches at The Anti-Poverty Group, p.11 8:00pm INDEX presents Steven Heighon at The Strathearn, p.8 8:00pm The Reading/Writing Series at Galerie S.Space Ensemble, p.8	29	30 TimeTBA Lisa Robertson reading, p.8 9:30am Stanley Asher on CINQ-FM, 102.3 FM, p.18 11:00am Selected Shorts on WSLO Malone, 90.9 FM, p.18 2:00pm Prince Caspian on WCFE, p.18

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The Power of The Pawn:

David Solway

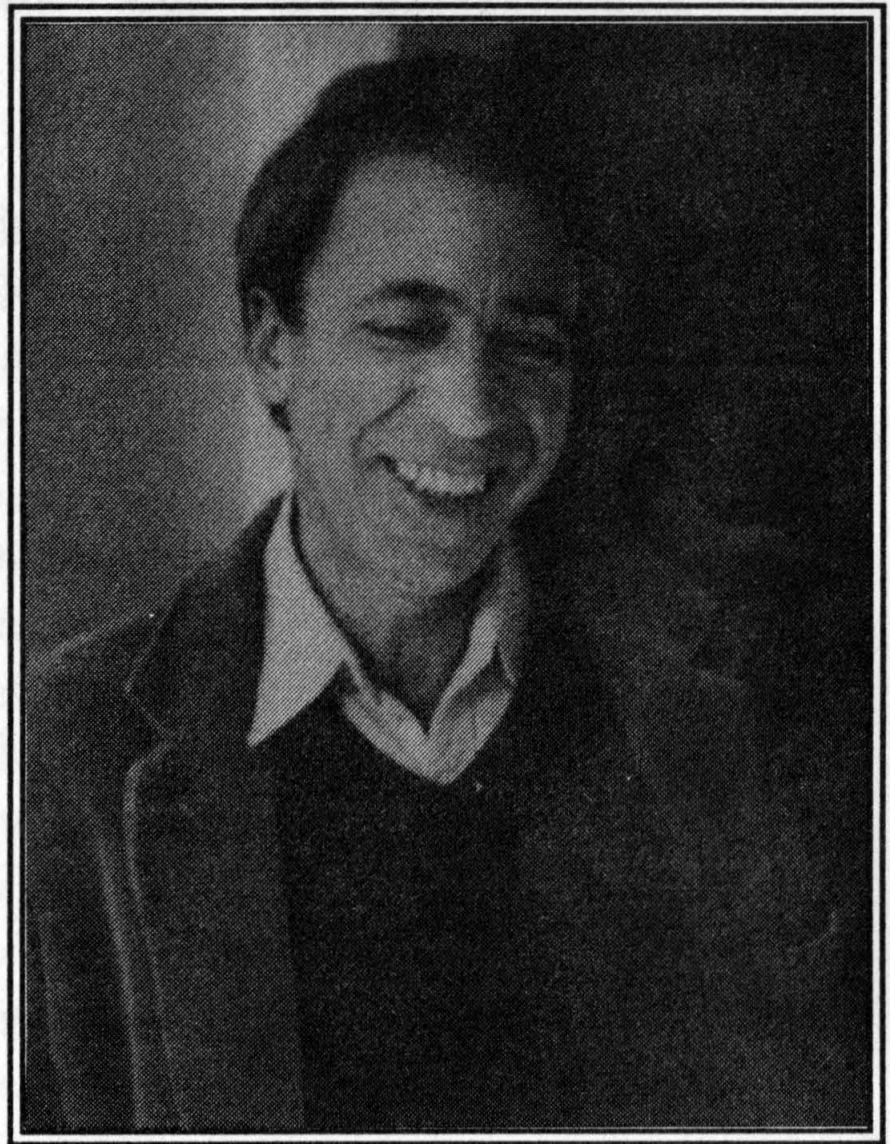
What was it about chess that allowed you to turn the game into such a useful investigation of your family?

The pieces in chess always struck me as both combining and/or expressing the various possibilities of personality. The bishop, for example, moves diagonally because it's sly; the rook, on the other hand, is heavy-cannon, it's the muscular one, the one with the strong personality. So in looking at the identities of the chess pieces, I saw the identities of the people whom I knew; or learnt, to some extent, to make sense of the conflicts within the various people whom I knew. I began to understand, for example, my father, whom I had never understood as an individual, partly because he was so close. Every attempt to understand him was, because of his influence on me, always confused by memory, by fear, by anxiety, by guilt -- by all those emotions that are just so much clutter.

But when I began to look through the distancing lens of the chess board, I began to understand why he was the way he was. I understood -- because he played chess and taught me the game -- why his was such a brutal and violent character. I had never seen the core of weakness beneath that muscular exterior, but it was only when I began to think of him as a chess player, as someone who manipulated chess pieces, and who confronted an opponent, and who would not tolerate losing, and who in fact never lost because he would never let it get that far -- who, essentially, would rather kill than lose -- that I understood who he was, that I understood the core of weakness that motivated that tremendous violence.

I decided then that chess was a way of trying to come to terms with my family, something that every person has to do. Because before you can come to terms with your world, you have to come to terms with your family -- there's no way around it. But you can't do it without finding a medium through which you can defract those sorts of undifferentiated emotions. And that's basically how I saw chess, as a highly monogrammed, highly personalized game, where all these tangled emotions, obscure and dark and impenetrable, could manifest themselves by doing something which appeared completely objective and alien, moving wooden characters around on a chess board.☺

-Carmine Starnino



Handling the Chess Pieces for my father

From handling of the chessmen you infer
 the secret springs of human character.
 To pluck the enemy chessman between
 your fingers and replace it with your own
 reveals the cultivated, well-bred
 killer who cannot stand the sight of blood;
 knock the chessman over with a small click
 of wood on wood tells of the aesthetic
 craving for the fatal instrument,
 of one more passionate than violent;
 to push the piece from its intended square
 is signal of aggressive character
 and plainly indicates that power
 is the motive for committing murder;
 some will hold the captured piece and caress
 it nervously: these kill from cowardice;
 those who seem apologetic, taking pawns
 reluctantly, kill for noble reasons;
 and he who clears the board with one great sweep
 of his hand will kill from lack of hope,
 defeated by the prospect of defeat,
 as did my father only death could mate.

My Mother's Chess

She plays a curious game;
unexpectedly will strike
from any quarter in a storm
of near-perpetual check

and yet at the end expose
a too-long forgotten king
or for no good reason lose
her queen, quite as confusing

as confused. Does her better
nature gain the upper hand,
the inveterate sweetness there,
incapacity to reprimand?--

which makes for dubious chess
but an indulgent parent.
I might have wished it otherwise:
better chess; less lenient.

My Son at Chess

He'll play a swift, incisive match
and snake-quick to observe a flaw
in half a dozen moves dispatch
his victim. He'd rather lose than draw.

Has trouble playing by lamplight
for shadows still obscure his mind
but in the day his black or white
will dazzle his opponents blind;

yet makes mistakes, as one expects,
with moves the chess mole might descry,
but when the game will grow complex
revenge his simplicity.

He has no joy in turtle-chess,
dislikes the endgame, will turn green
with boredom, but see him press
with vicious bishop and killer queen;

for black or white, but never grey,
his chess spunk will intimidate
the circumspect. To watch him play
who would guess he's only eight?

My Daughter at Chess

Playing her, I wonder can a
harmless two year old named Hannah
spring a trap to ambush my advantage.
She remembers all the pieces
quite as if by anamnesis
but moves them like a Tartar on the rampage.

She'll cram two pieces on a square
for company; to my despair
with one sharp elbow she'll unhorse my knight;
and if I patiently explain
it can't be done she'll end the reign
of my poor royal couple with one bite!

Here's her chubby rook who'll dish up
splinter-fare; her skinny bishop
sneaks out darkly on a secret mission;
there's her knight astride his bronco
trampling hard upon a pawn co--
llaborating with the opposition.

She knocks my queen upon her face,
pries the felt from my king's base,
and does not need ability or luck.
For she by child-right will win
while I must lose through discipline
that cannot match her innocence and pluck.

David Solway -- *My Daughter at Chess*

My Own Chess

A poor start is my prerequisite.
 True, there are occasions I survive
 a good beginning, or not knowing it
 play a game I don't derive
 from other games, make moves I don't repent,
 and win sometimes by plan, not accident;

but on the whole a bad beginning,
 an early, inextricable mess,
 a quick disaster, seems to be the thing
 that promises promising chess.
 Cornered, minus a precocious queen,
 quixotic knights nowhere to be seen,

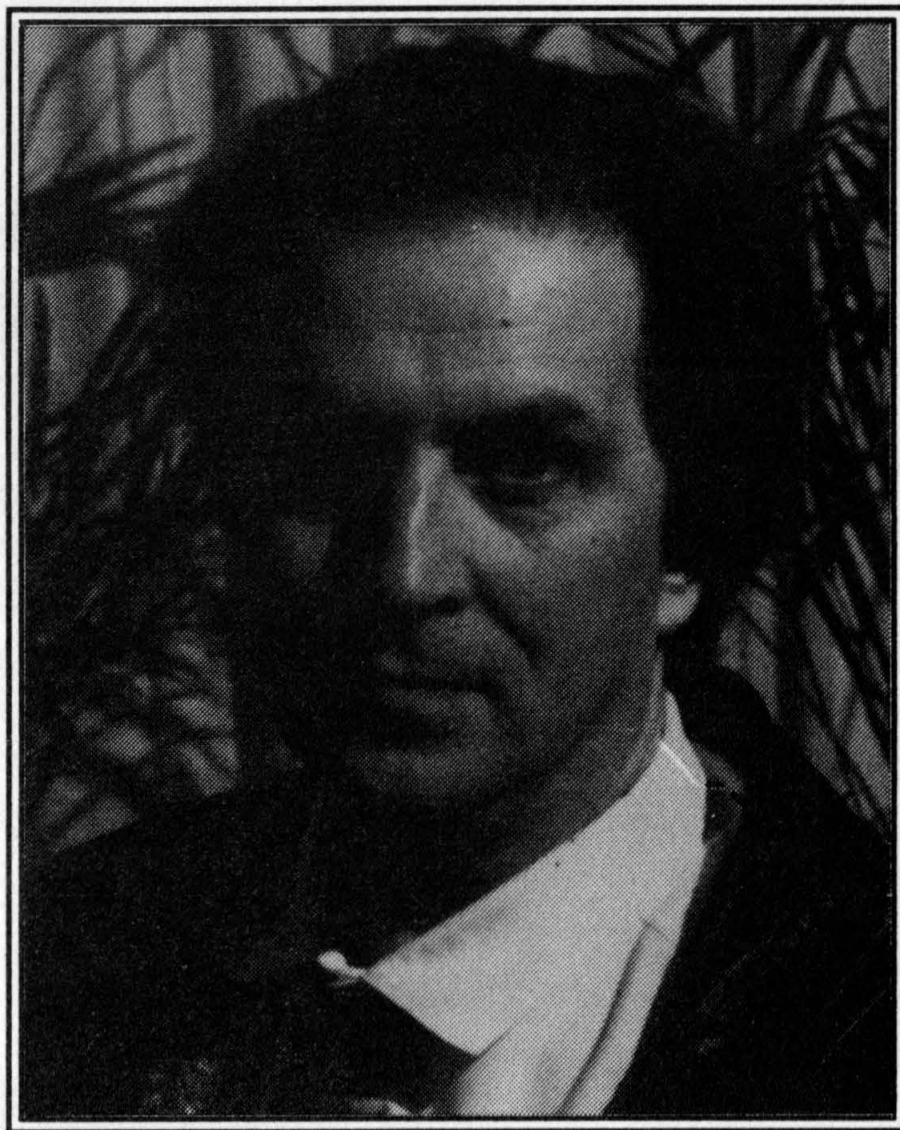
or embarrassment of double-check
 before I've slid a single bishop out,
 the chess noose tightening round my neck,
 effeminate pawns in total rout,
 and all come down to immediate grief,
 with eagerness or something like relief

I recognize the place, feel at home,
 search for some resource, move king or pawn;
 a catatonic rook begins to roam
 about the board, or bishops dawn
 upon familiar darkness, accustomed strife.
 My once-benighted game comes back to life.

Defending Smallness: Joe Fiorito

Your poems are usually short, in total line-length, in the length of each line, even in title. I wonder if your poetry, in its tendency toward brevity, sometimes poses a liability when articulating certain experiences?

I don't think it's ever posed any liability. I think in some cases it's helped sharpen and clarify my thinking. What I try to record in the work is about as close to the image in my mind as I can possibly get. And because I use a smaller vocabulary, it requires that I be more precise: if you've only got three words to describe something, you've got to be dead on the nail, as opposed to thirty words where you can be all over the map. You do run a big risk by leaving so much stuff out, some people are used to much more explanation. But I don't feel comfortable putting a lot of excess in my poetry. I find that by stripping things away I can often see more clearly. And if the poem is done is done right, what isn't there is apparent by its absence.



There's a compelling objectivity about your poems, particularly in their movement toward immediate sensation. What's your thinking behind that?

Well, what I hope to achieve in many cases is an element of shock. I think that the truer things are the more apparent they are and the harder they hit you. And it's a quality that I hope is reflected in the poems that I write; I hope they're as direct as a piece of glass in the eye. As far as objectivity is concerned, a reader brings his or her own experience to the poem -- it's very rare when you read anything that you don't somehow plant alongside your own life. And I hope, in a lot of ways, that that's what happens when someone reads my stuff. But I also hope, in a contradictory way, that there is no other experience except the one which I give you. And I think the tension in the poems is exactly that. Because there is so little there, I've made them difficult to attach your experience to. There's no luxuriating in them. You have to take them exactly as they are. ☺

-Carmine Starnino

Road kill: The Love Song

Raven lifts a wing
to wave away the hot

blunt grilles of passing
cars. I wave at you.

Raven struts on some
furred thing, plucking

wet strings. I strut,
too. I have a red, wet

beak; my black wing
beckons you.

Row 17 Seat A

The field below is filled
with random stones: each spring
the red clay

pushes up new ones. I see
lines of stones over bone: the logic
of the graveyard

is apparent from the air.
It pulls me down. I cannot take
my eyes from there.

A Lake Superior Lament

I knelt and held her
narrow hips. Night shift:

durum wheat, newsprint,
red ore spilled into ships.

I kissed her feet,
her swollen lips. Blue hills

kneel on a sulphur quilt
from mills beside the lake;

I knelt in the motel room,
blue for her sake.

Joe Fiorito -- *Lake Superior Lament & Row 17 Seat A*

Modern Courting *for Evelyn Lau*

She drew a line for me.
What it took to cross it made me hers.

Her salty ankle dripping with champagne,
a spray of flowers, or her shoe --

I wanted her to make me
plead. She made me plead for these.

Whatever love we had, I purchased
on my knees.

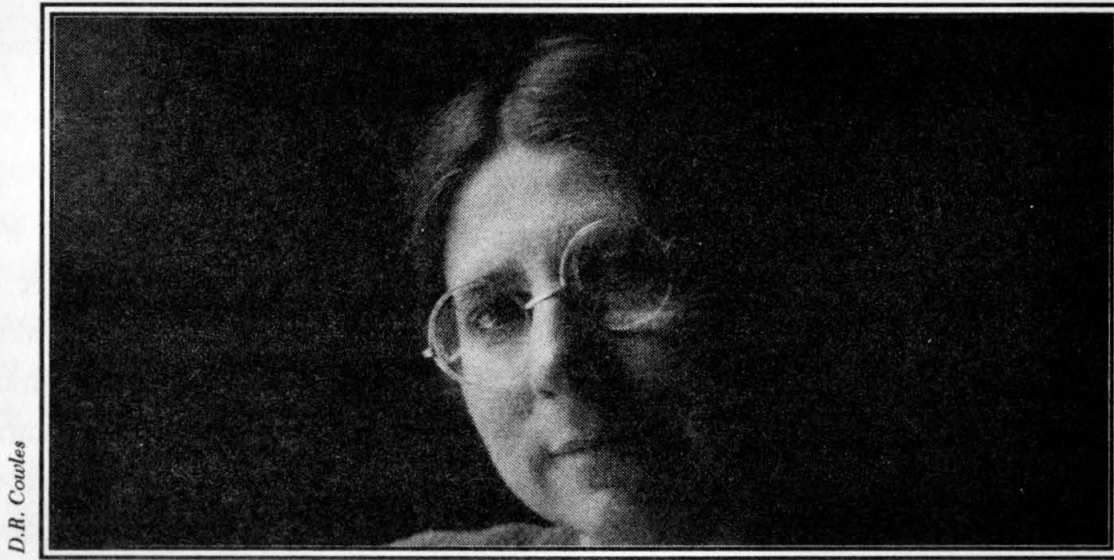
Snow White

Pulvilio of pollen on the wings of bees,
a wedding's dizzy rice: snow mimics these.

In its confetti heart, I heard the murmur
of a limousine; a bride's hand waved to me.

The flutter of her lace, the limo's icy veil:
punctilious as apple trees in spring.

Keeping Rhythm: Robin Sarah



Robyn Sarah is as puzzled as anyone about what makes her stories tick. "It's mysterious," she says. "I find there's a tremendous absence of deliberation when I'm writing a short story."

Known for her poetry over the past 20 years -- five volumes, including *The Touchstone*, *Becoming Light* and *Anyone Skating on that Middle Ground* -- Sarah only recently had her first collection of short stories published: *A Nice Gazebo* by Véhicule Press in 1992.

"I've been writing stories nearly as long as I've been writing poems," she admits. But Sarah finds the process quite different and is often mystified by the product. "When I write a poem, I know right away if it's good. If it's not, I don't even get to the end before I toss it. But with a short story all I know is -- Wow! it's done. There's this dubious feeling. I have no idea what I should do with it, whether it's worth keeping."

For over 15 years, Sarah put her stories away in a drawer. Occasionally she'd send one out to a magazine. Usually it would get published. Three summers ago, she realized she might have enough for a collection. "I took them to Simon Dardick at Véhicule Press -- he'd published one of my poetry collections -- and said, 'Here, Simon, what do you think? Is it a book?'" Dardick and Véhicule's fiction editor, Linda Leith, thought highly of the six stories, but held out for a longer manuscript. With the addition of the title story a few months later, they accepted and soon published *A Nice Gazebo*.

What connects the stories in the collection is the surprise -- both delight and pain -- which lurks in ordinary lives. In "The Pond, Phase One," for instance, two women blessed with what Sarah calls a "longstanding affection," land quite literally in muddy waters.

"Not much happens in my stories," she says. "Things happen on a subterranean level. There's never a plot, and often I have only a vague idea, if any, of what's coming as I write." What does drive Sarah, the poet and storyteller, is rhythm. "I'm compulsive about sentence rhythm. It's the energy of language that carries me." ☺

The Pond, Phase One

(Reprinted with permission of the author and her publisher. "The Pond, Phase One" is one of the stories in Sarah's collection, A Nice Gazebo, published by Véhicule Press in 1992. It first appeared in Canadian Fiction Magazine.)

What do husbands, sitting on the porch in the dark, talk about while their wives take a late night walk down a country road? One at a time, they rise abruptly and go into the house to freshen their drinks; they return, ice cubes clinking in their glasses, and settle down to take their ease; the dark beyond the edge of the deck is alive with lightning-bugs. A match flares, then another, and blue smoke of Sobranie wafts from one's pipe; the other's cigarette is a point of orange tracing the movement of his hand as he gestures across the valley, at house lights perhaps, to say who lives there, or maybe he's really indicating something nearer, the place they've bulldozed for a pond, not visible in the dark; he describes it to his guest.

I believe that for long periods they are silent, either because they do not feel the need to talk or because they think there is nothing very much to say; they're past that, they think, they're not young men any more. Probably when a child begins to wail in the bedroom upstairs where all three have been put to sleep, it doesn't register right away, it goes on for a little while before they remember that the women are not in the house. They think of it at the same moment and incline their heads -- "Is that one of mine?" "No, I think it's mine," and the host gets up and goes inside to check.

Their wives have been friends of

upwards of twelve years; they met working in the same department for one of the larger weeklies in the city. Helen writes for a different paper now; Rosalie has been living in the country for two years, freelancing in her spare time, rueful to report she doesn't have the kind of spare time she expected to have. They miss their frequent long lunches together in the city, the telephone conversations that left receivers warm in their cradles in both houses -- conversations comparing notes on everything from writing assignments to pediatricians and daycares to past loves, with long vivid digressions about their childhoods. They've seen each other through divorce, remarriage, pregnancy, childbirth, miscarriage, and family illness; there is nothing they're afraid to say to each other. And now they find themselves the mothers of three children born within two years of each other, children who play together like cousins.

It has taken Rosalie two years in the country to be able to walk out at night without being driven back by a primitive dread of the dark -- even on a night like this, starry, with a clear half-moon, and all the lightning-bugs twinkling on either side of the road. But Helen feels she could walk forever; she's utterly at home, she feels embraced by this country dark. Why? In the city, night gives her the creeps, even in her own neighborhood. Here it's as if

she could come to no harm; she imagines walking along, breathing the fragrant air, following a road without knowing or caring where it may take her, just walking on and on into daybreak. She longs to do it. She feels immune, protected. Her husband, on the other hand, she tells Rosalie, gets spooked in the country at night. Once they took a walk down a road in Vermont, it was so beautiful, their first time in the country in years, and then he wanted to go back. Because there was that kind of a moon, a smoky moon, smothered in cloud. Rosalie says she knows exactly what kind of a moon. She gets spooked too.

They're quiet for a little while, then they begin making plans for the next day, for the three days Helen and Tom and the children can stay this time, before they have to go back to the city. It'll be wonderful next summer, when the pond has filled up. Is that all it takes? Helen wants to know; will one year's melting snow really make a pond? No, says Rosalie, but the hole is full of springs. You'll see tomorrow, we dug there because it was always marshy, and it turned out there are four or five underground springs. Right now it's just a big hole in the ground, with a hard mud bottom. But it's funny -- Benjamin has been spending whole days down there playing, it's such a boon I almost wish we could leave it a mud-hole!

Little by little their talk moves to

other things, the things they've been waiting to talk about, now they're over the first rise and far enough down the road that they can be sure their voices won't carry back towards the house. They speak fondly and ruefully of their marriages, tentatively of the men they are currently in love with: in Rosalie's case her first cousin, a painter, recently divorced and living in the next township, in Helen's a colleague, also married, with whom she used to car-pool -- a man lately fired for political reasons, and in the process of filing a grievance.

They tell of recent exchanges, they are amazed at the parallels; they laugh at themselves. It's a relief to be able to talk about it. What's the matter with us? It's so stupid. Do you think it's the same for everyone? Helen has a friend who's in love

They speak fondly and ruefully
of the state of their marriages,
tentatively of the men they are
currently in love with.

with a priest; Rosalie says so-and-so told her she and her husband haven't slept together for four months and she's in love with a doctor at the hospital where she works.

God, says Helen, four months, that's even worse than us. And a doctor. Couldn't she do better than that? They laugh because it's a long-standing joke between them, their indifference to the professional set, their preference for the crazy ones, artists, politicians, dreamers -- the ones they left the first time around.

The damp gravel crunches under their sandals. Rosalie yawns. Do you think

we should turn back now? Maybe we'd better. They might worry. Do you suppose the kids ever settled down? They were so excited to see each other. Funny how light it seems now, I can see everything. I'm getting eaten alive by mosquitoes, what about you?

2

The hole has been dug right to hardpan, with banks that slope, though it's to be expected that the sides will give somewhat when the pond fills up. At bottom the mud is mostly firm, traced by rivulets from the springs. The water is icy cold and good to drink; one of the springs bubbles up from under a rock, you can catch the water in your hands. Any quick spots? Tom wants to know. A few, Daniel says, but nothing dangerous to the children -- the hole's too deep for that. They could sink in maybe half a foot, probably not even that.

Nevertheless Amy, the youngest, loses no time in finding one; before breakfast eggs have even hit the pan the boys come running, banging the screen door, Mummy, Daddy, Amy's stuck in the mud and she can't get out!

Ludicrous in her nightgown and Wellingtons, Helen runs out after them into morning mist, down into the raw gash in the landscape behind the house. She feels her own foot give as she steps out onto the flat where Amy, arms

upraised and wailing, stands with mud nearly to the tops of both red gum-boots. Backing up, she tests for solid footing and leans over to get her hands under Amy's arms. The suck of the mud is surprisingly strong; twice she loses her balance, and in the end lifts Amy clear minus one boot, and has to go back for it.

She recognizes that there's no real danger, Tom and Daniel josh her out of that, but after breakfast, when the children indicate they're heading back down there, she wants to go too, to see for herself just how much trouble Amy is apt to get into if left on her own there. Rosalie says she'll come too, she likes the mud-hole. It's not the way you'd think, she says, it's really kind of an interesting thing to have in one's back yard. I feel like it wouldn't be a complete disaster if it *didn't* fill up.

The children troop ahead, jubilant explorers; the women, skirts catching in the tops of their Wellingtons, pick their way down along the tracks the bulldozer left on its way out. They'll come back in the fall, Rosalie explains, to bank up the far side where the springs drain off; the idea is to give the sides some time to harden.

At the bottom of the hole, an expanse of gleaming wet mud, variously textured. The silts are red and brown and grey and black, streamlets of water have deposited traces and superimposed them to create a marbling effect. Where springs bubble up, the silt is held in suspension; small fountains, small eddies of velvety mud. Mostly, it's surprisingly firm to walk on, but there are those spots near the springs where sediment has built up; when you step on them the mud gives, you sink

rapidly, a little sickeningly, but not very far: to half the depth of her own boots, Helen discovers; Amy was about as far in as she could have gone. She finds it's hard, but not very, to extricate herself unaided, even without leaving a boot behind.

She tells Amy and Jeremy to stay away from the squishy parts. The only danger, agreed, is that they could lose their balance and tumble: more nuisance than danger. After all, we have a washing machine, says Rosalie.

They follow behind the children, who are exploring the run-off, where rivulets merge into a shallow stream that wanders away crookedly among cattails towards the lower meadow. This is the part that will be blocked off in the fall. There will still be drainage, through a pipe, but not the same amount of water -- only the overflow from the pond. You see what I mean, Rosalie says, it's a fabulous place for them to play. There's all that mud for a stomping-ground, and then a whole stream to follow out of it. Frogs. Pretty pebbles. A whole forest of cattails to hide in. And I can let Ben play by himself down here. Once the pond fills up, I'll always worry a little. Yes, it's wonderful, agrees Helen. They stand side by side in the deepest part of the stream, watching the water trickle over the toes of their boots, bending to pick up the occasional rock glinting wet in the sun. At a distance now, the children's heads bob in and out among the cattails. A cicada, the first of the day, hones his drill somewhere above them.

Kyona, I've never heard of it. It's a Japanese green, says Rosalie. Taste it. I ordered the seeds from our catalogue. Helen breaks off a feathery, antler-shaped leaf. Mmmm. It tastes a bit like Chinese lettuce. What a beautiful name, kyona. You could name a child that. You could, says Rosalie, only it probably means lettuce-like, or something, in Japanese.

They're squatting side by side in the garden, pulling leaves into a colander for a dinner salad. What else will you need for the quiche? Rosalie wants to know. Helen, nibbling another leaf of kyona, considers. You can put almost anything in it. Zucchini and carrots will be fine. Maybe some chard. Some fresh parsley, if you have any. Tons, says Rosalie, over there at the end of the herb plot, behind the chives. See the chives? The purple puff-balls. Aren't they huge, says Helen. They must be strong enough to get up and walk.

What else goes with quiche? Oh, says Helen, you don't have to make anything. Please. A big salad will be fine. Let me do it, I want to. All right, says Rosalie, then I'll do a lasagne tomorrow. I have a marvelous recipe. Did I show you the book last time you came out? The one from that restaurant in Ithaca? Everything in it is fabulous. There's a vegetarian chili, it uses bulgur instead of meat. Really? I'd like to try that. Sure, I'll show it to you later, you can write it down.

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Absently, they are chewing on raw green beans, snow peas, breaking them off the vines as they move along the rows. It feels funny, Helen says. What does? To be talking about recipes. Are we that far gone? They laugh. I know what you mean.

They're thinking about when they first met, about foreign films, political demonstrations. About all-night pizza joints, rooms without furniture, dinners on the floor. They sit back on their heels and gaze up at the house, nestled among trees, the soaring timbers of the new addition still raw, blond in the sun. When did it become necessary, Rosalie wonders, this elaborate shell, this extension of self?

A perfect zucchini, glossy, deep green, not too fat yet, with the furled drying blossom still stuck to its end. Feel it, don't they feel strange when you first pick them? Almost prickly. Oh, I know, says Rosalie, it's a riot, do you know Benjamin won't touch them? He can't stand the feeling, it drives him completely wild. Even green beans. I can't get him to pick green beans for me, he says they're hairy. Green beans! Helen exclaims. But it's hardly noticeable on green beans! It is to him, I can understand it, I'm sort of the same, says Rosalie. When I was a kid I wouldn't go near peaches. I think I was twenty-two before I could touch a peach without climbing walls. I mean, I still don't *buy* them, but if someone gives me one...Well, I find that mildly amazing, says Helen. What is it, an allergy? Not of the usual sort, says Rosalie. I wonder if there's a name for it? Yes, says Rosalie, I think they call it texture.

4

Benjamin, Jeremy, red head, dark head, over the garden fence. Benjamin's a year younger but nearly a head taller. Jeremy's gap-toothed, radiant through sweat and mud. They've taken their shirts off, mud streaks their torsos. Where's Amy? Why did you leave her by herself?

Mummy, the backs of my shorts is soaking. Mummy, there's water in my boot. We're making mud things, Mummy. Come and see. They're drying on a rock. Mummy, we like the squishy parts. We won't get stuck. We can just take our boots off. Can we take off our boots, Mummy? Amy already has hers off. The best mud for making mud things is the squishy parts. Can you come and see? Please?

Go, says Rosalie, I'll put these things in the fridge and come down in a few minutes. Is there anything we need from town? Swiss cheese. Right. I'll tell Daniel, he has to drive in for some plumbing parts.

There's a downward-sloping shelf of rock, large enough for both of them to sit on, embedded in the east bank of what will be the pond. They tuck their skirts in around them, brace their heels to keep from sliding, and hug their knees. The afternoon heat is intense. Slowly Helen slips her feet, one at a time, out of her boots; she peels her socks off and wads them and stuffs them inside, flexes her

toes into the breeze. Good idea, says Rosalie. The children, already freed of boots, are almost knee deep in one of the quick spots, stomping and squelching gleefully. Chanting something. How can they stand to do that *barefoot*?

Like monks stomping on grapes, says Rosalie. No, says Helen, they're softening it up to make a trap for monsters. They told me.

They've made mud meatballs and mud potatoes and mud sausages, misshapen blobs drying in a row in a groove of the rock. Here come more. We'll show you how we make them, Mum. See this mud? See how you squish the water out? That's a very nice mud-ball, dear, but please get it away from my skirt. Squish the water out over there. Not in my hair. Mummy, you're knocking our dry potatoes down the hill. Look, Mum, it rolled right down and it didn't break!

Look, Benjamin! Mine didn't break. Let's see if yours does. Let's see whose breaks. Amy, come! We're playing Potato Rolling Down the Hill!

Tom and Daniel have driven to town, Rosalie says, they may drive around a bit before coming back. They promised to be back in time for supper. There's a garage sale on in Dunsmuir they might check out, we're looking for bicycles. Benjamin, I like your mudball very much but I told you to take it over there. No,

further. Where it won't drip on me.

Here, Mummy, hold this, I have to get some more of the wet stuff. Jeremy, I don't *want* to hold it. Put it down. Anywhere. Ouch, don't *lean* on me, honey, it's hard to keep my balance on this rock -- Rosalie, will you listen to us, Helen laughs suddenly, you'd think we'd never read *Summerhill*. Really -- just like a couple of *mothers*, sitting primly on our nice dry rock. Aren't you afraid we're going to stifle their creative spirit?

A whoop from Rosalie. I know, aren't we awful? They don't look very stifled to me. I suppose if we were really enlightened, we'd sit down in the mud and make potatoes with them. She waves a deerfly away from her head. Well, so there you are, says Rosalie, suddenly serious, the career, the kid, the countryhouse. Everything I always said I wanted. You'd

think I could sit back now and enjoy it all.

Can't you? asks Helen. Why can't you? She shifts her position on the rock; another potato rolls down the slope.

I don't know, says Rosalie, I'm consumed with restlessness. She picks up one of the smaller dried mudballs and presses it between thumb and forefinger to see how hard it is. It explodes softly, showering damp sand in her lap; she brushes it off her skirt.

I am too, says Helen. Ever since the kids stopped being babies. Give me

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one of those. They're sort of neat, aren't they? It cracks between fingers like a soft nut, slightly off-center; the two halves, each intact, lie in her palm. One of them has a small pebble embedded in it; that's what it cracked around.

What do you think, asks Rosalie, would you have an affair with Peter? Helen is leaning over the edge of the rock, scooping some of the wet mud into her palm. She spreads it carefully with a finger, picking out all the tiny pebbles, every little irregularity. I don't know, she says slowly. It hasn't exactly come up. There's a lot at stake for both of us, we don't seek each other out. When I see him it's nice, is all.

She's squeezing the mud in her fist, it moulds to her hand, holding the ridges where it pressed between her fingers. She reshapes it into a ball, more perfectly formed than the ones the children have made, and sets it in the groove to dry. There must be a lot of clay in this. It has a wonderful texture. Has it? says Rosalie. They both lean over, digging with their fingers for handfuls.

I think about Martin all the time, says Rosalie. I even think about having another kid just to get him off my mind. And then I think -- well, *no*. You're right, there must be a lot of clay in this. It feels almost alive. No wonder the kids are so enthralled.

They discover that tossing the mud from hand to hand is a good way to get the excess water out. At first it has a slick wet slap to it; it's elastic, the momentum pulls it into odd loose shapes in the air. But as it gets drier, it firms up, it packs into a smooth dense ball, a small planet,

you can squeeze it and it will keep its form. Suppose we baked these, says Helen, would they harden like clay does? Let's keep a few and try, says Rosalie. Let's make a few specially, with the smoothest mud we can find.

They leave the rock and wade across the web of little streams, holding up their skirts. The mud is sun-warmed now, smooth as skin, and near the source of the main spring there's a part that seems to breathe beneath them; they feel it give a little and surge back with every step, retaining its surface tension. It's like walking on somebody's stomach, says Rosalie. Isn't it? says Helen. You can see why this is the stuff God is supposed to have made Adam out of.

5

The children's voices are far away down the stream, they've evolved out of the mud, moved on to other things. Here and there you can see the print of a small foot that sank in sideways; the quick spots are all churned up, they're a lighter color than the rest. Helen and Rosalie are squatting by one, they've tucked the bottoms of their skirts up into their waistbands; their hands, their wrists, their forearms are plunged deep in mud. There's something hypnotic about it, they aren't even making mudballs any more.

They look at each other suddenly

and begin to giggle. What is this, play therapy? I don't know, but it sure is fun. How long have we been down here, anyway? You've got some in your hair. Well, you've got some on your forehead. What are we going to tell the guys when they ask what kept us from starting dinner earlier?

If we don't get up to the house soon and wash, says Rosalie, we won't have to tell them anything.

Oh, who cares what they think! says Helen. I haven't had so much fun in ages. Can you believe it? A whole afternoon! Hey, says Rosalie, look over there, the kids have come back around by the field. They're over by the rock. Hey, don't touch those, she yells. Those are *our* mudballs. Leave them alone, we want to bake them!

Don't touch our mudballs! they yell, and then they're collapsing, gasping, holding their stomachs, their hands are so mucky they can't even wipe their streaming eyes. Rosalie, says Helen, when she can talk again, as long as we've regressed this far, why not take off our clothes and get right in? I mean, they're going to think we're crazy anyway. Can you imagine? What on earth would they make of it?

You just reminded me, says Rosalie, that when I was in college, in the dorm, I used to fantasize about taking a bath in chocolate pudding. I even got as

far as measuring the tub and figuring out how many packages it would take.

You did? Honest? How many

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packages *was* it? Helen sounds amazed, subdued. Did you ever do it? No, says Rosalie sadly, it was too expensive.

They're clutching themselves

again, they're doubled over, when they finally straighten up it's as if something has gone out of them, they're limp, drained; they feel wobbly and innocent as newborn colts.

Well? says Helen.

I will if you will.

I will if you will.

They untie their cotton wrap-around skirts, they slip out of their nylon bikini-briefs, they throw off their halter-tops and fling them up the bank towards the rock. Flimsy summer fabrics, ballooning, bright, arc upward to tumble in a heap. Breasts bouncing, they splash across the stream to the deepest quick-spot; solemnly, dispassionately, they watch their feet disappear; with whoops, they fall to their knees in velvet bubbling mud.

The hum of a car engine, just become audible in the distance, will be Tom and Daniel. They've got two used ten- speeds roped through the windows to the roof of the car, and they're taking it slow and easy over the hill. ☉

the last page...

After the Full Moon has Risen in the Orange Tree

by Jan Conn

The semi-gloss green of palms.
Birds dive-bombing the over-ripe bananas.
The fireflies, green half-notes, play
on and on through the night.
Stars themselves
swamped by the full moon
rising in the orange tree.

Such transference, regarding the moon
with so much longing, wishing oneself whole also.

Staying awake all night
with the light of a single cream-coloured candle,
trying to understand light (in darkness).
Or what the small blue inner flame
carries in itself of the dark.

Insects leap-frog and crawl across my book,
drawn by the light.
At three a.m. a tiny tree-frog
hidden in the box amongst the vials
of mosquito pupae
begins a solo.
From the pond across the road,
what sounds like an echo.
Over and over.

The rabbit in the moon, details of haunch
and ear as precise as fingerprints.
Nereyda's nightmare of the moon exploding,
the slivers falling into the Andes,
then the whole of Venezuela flooded
by the rising Orinoco.

